

HAT CROWNS GO SOARING IN THE FALL MILLINERY

Purple Hats in Swarms, Berets in Floods—Fur Hats a Favorite Idea of Paris Milliners—Brims Twisted in Surprising Lines—Chin Strap Carried Over From Summer Into Autumn

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINER.

Will so poor or so lagged that she has not bought at least one fall hat? Many women have been wearing velvet hats since August, when they became epidemic; at those who escaped in August have added to September temptation, and now hat drifting in from remote summer fastnesses beyond the millinery lure looks oddly forlorn, like a pathetic flotsam from the summer sea. The new hats—well, there are forerunners among them, too, and more novel things and a very fair percentage of lovely things and a still greater percentage of things not lovely but suitably chic.

The high crowned shapes impress the first, though the berets roll past in a flood. Berets per se are no novelty, though innumerable new variations are being rung upon the familiar theme; but these high crowned hats, large and small, are now amusing and, alas, sadly unbecoming to most.

The large black hat—particularly the large black velvet hat—has always been a refuge. In one shape or another it was fairly sure to be becoming; but give it a high crown, convert it into the Puritan hat of this autumn, and the average woman must look elsewhere for kindness. Still, they are very stunning, these high crowned hats, with their single ornament or their tufts of feather or their narrow bands, and the small high crowned hats are usually piquant when perched upon the right heads.

Next are three more fantasy in millinery than there is in this autumn. If one wants conservatism, one must hunt for it. The milliners apparently have taken little thought of late. Large hats, chiefly of velvet, are as usual, but little changed. The line of the thing and the line often takes almost surprising phases. The flat crown of varying crown heights, with soft brims, but there are things to mention: wide tricorners, the points spread at unusual angles; wide brims, the brims of which are sharply up against the crown; and, in front, wide brimmed shapes, the brims drooping from front and back.

Fur is used for crowns, for trimmings, for whole hats, high grenadier shapes of fur with little visor brims and some little upstanding brush or feathery feather or cascade for trimming being shown by several of the famous Paris milliners. An ermine crown and encircling band formed of two ermine pelts knitted at one side was joined to an extra wide black velvet brim in one handsome hat, and in the same shop with this big hat were many unusually



Little hats of cloth, plush and velvet.

good fur toques. One of these was of minkskin, and had no trim, the sides of the turban slanted outward as they rose to meet the flat crown, and while the right side was only four inches high the left side soared twice as far. A flatly applied ornament of many-headed beads nestled into the fur at the left of the front.

Almost identical with this was another posed with the lowest point of the shape at the front and the height at the back. A low, boat shaped turban of mole had a wreath of dull silver leaves running round it above a bordering fold of blue velvet, and a round ermine cap like a high bowl was trimmed with a band of kolinsky very near the top, and a twist of purple velvet drawn from under the edge of the turban on the right up to the left crown top and knotted there.

And, by the way, one must not forget to mention the purple hat. It swarmed out upon the stage in August and though in some instances very beautiful is rapidly becoming a pest from overuse and abuse. Everywhere one sees purple hats in the cheapest and tawdiest of materials, and the

beautiful purple hat suffers in consequence. Hats of soft cloth have the approval of Paris and are made up in various beret forms and draped effects. Chenille too is utilized and soft Angora wool, and a soft felt that can be handled almost like cloth, yet will stand up perkily in a high narrow crown around which a narrow band of the felt is drawn and tied in a little bowknot by way of trimming.

Tulle and fur, milliner's plush, panne, satin, serge—all are pressed into service for the new millinery; but velvet plays the star role so far, with fur and soft felt contending for second place.

The bride that has appeared upon so many summer hats and is so piquant upon a few women, so absurd upon the majority, is repeated in the autumn millinery. A narrow bride of fur holds a hat of velvet and fur. Lanvin used ropes of pearls as brides for little hats of fur. A toque of Angora wool has a narrow brim and bride of plaited chenille.

And then there are the veils—but they must be another story.

WHEN LAFAYETTE MADE HIS HOMEWARD VOYAGE

Celebration of His Birthday Recalls Incidents of His Adieu to Land of His Regard

LAFAYETTE birthday, just celebrated, brings to mind his farewell to this country, for it is now almost ninety-one years ago to a day that he left our shores for his last voyage back to his motherland.

On September 9, 1825, the General put seaward from the Cape of the Chesapeake, bidding the land of his affectionate regard a touching adieu. History tells us how he figured in the battle of the Brandywine, and by a happy coincidence such was the name of the fine old frigate assigned to bear him across the Atlantic. It is no

wonder that his homeward voyage only served to weld more firmly the bonds that linked him with the American nation and deepened the admiration of all those that were fortunate enough to be brought in personal touch with him. An officer aboard the Brandywine at the time has left us a picture, or rather some sketches, of that memorable run of twenty-six days across the ocean. Speaking of the ship after describing what seemed then a formidable battery of smooth bore guns he wrote: "She has a round stern and is considered a fine model; what strikes me most, however, is the dark, threatening character of her hull; she looks as if made for execution, and the man must be a dastard who would shrink from proving it. Her very name is associated with blood shed for 'homes and firesides' and she will be a sacred ship."

It was not the General, however, but a boat from Baltimore decked with flags and streamers come to witness the ceremonies of the day.

Another anchored soon after, and the company, composed of most of the great men from Washington and Baltimore, with the higher military officers, came aboard.

"At 10 o'clock the expected boat came alongside. The day was rainy, the wind high, and the General was very ill. At length he received our welcomes to the ship. The Secretary of the Navy accompanied him. The sailors were dressed in red jackets, white pantaloons, and shirts with blue collars. They set up a cheer as he boarded the Brandywine, and a salute of seventeen guns was fired. Our vessel was filled with company; we had two bands of music from the steamboats, and all was life and confusion. At 3 the company sat down to dinner. The General looked like a father among his children. The music played, toasts were drunk, and the afternoon passed cheerily away. It was not until evening that the last of them bade us adieu."

On Friday, September 9, the Brandywine made her heavy way seaward and showed by her fine sailing why she was justly called the Flying Brandywine. During the voyage to France Lafayette won all those about him. As the naval chronicler wrote:

"Lafayette is like a father among us. I believe every one looks up to him with filial feelings. . . . The General has been sick and confined in his room a considerable part of the time, but is now convalescent."

On October 4 the frigate came within sight of the shores of France. An hour afterward she hove to within seven or eight miles of Havre. A boat was sent with orders to lie off till morning and then communicate with the General's family. His last day aboard the Brandywine is described by his fellow passenger in this fashion:

"Wednesday, October 5. The wind was fair this morning and we moved up nearer to the city. A steamboat soon after came off bringing the lady and children of Mr. G. W. Lafayette. The meeting took place on deck and was an affecting one. His family consists of three daughters and two sons, all with interesting features. Though we all felt regret at parting with the good old man, yet every one seemed to sympathize with their happy feelings. With them came our Consul and other gentlemen from Havre. When all were aboard a salute to the city of twenty-one guns was fired, which, an hour after, was returned."

"The General took leave of all of us in the cabin. He is one of those men one meets with sometimes whose hearty 'farewell' is equal to a minister's blessing. He added many expressions of kind feelings and invitations to the hospitable of his house. We all accompanied him to the gangway. He stopped, looked around on us, while a softened expression passed over his features and then turned to shake hands again. Each of us gave him another adieu. He next turned to the sailors. The nearest pressed forward to receive his notice. Then, seating himself in the chair, he was lifted over the bulwarks and placed in the boat below. His family followed, and each of us felt a chasm in our society. The other passengers and the Commodore also took leave of us."

"The steamboat, after they got aboard, ran around our ship; a parting salute of seventeen guns was fired; we manned our shrouds and cheered them; they returned the cheers and the steamer passed off toward Havre, leaving us to ourselves. Our sails were then filled, and we were away, our course being to the west."

After carrying Gen. Lafayette back to the country, the Brandywine dropped down the Potomac to prepare for receiving the President. In the midst of my toilet our boy came down from muster with news that a steamboat was alongside. What steamboat? "Why, the boat with the General!" Instantly all was confusion; every one sprang to his trunk and in the dim light of an expiring candle we hunted for our best clothes as well as we could.

Next morning, however, when she carried a dish of watermelon rind and seeds, together with other choice food approved by food, that ungrateful rooster had disappeared, scratched his way out beneath the walls of his shelter. Then ensued a three day period of hunting. First in one neigh-

bor's yard and then in another's was that feathered fugitive seen consorting with his new acquaintance. Day after day the faithful Mattie fared forth to ensnare him by means of a huge melon shaped foot screen. At night, however, no one of those neighbors could discover a visitor upon the roosts of their chicken houses.

One warm afternoon four or five days after the escape a neighbor called from her porch that a strange rooster, answering the description of the fugitive was wandering about her back yard. The hostess, commanding a passing negro, set forth in pursuit. Good luck attended their efforts and this time a black and white checked rooster was securely tethered in the pen.

The next night we ate him, as delicious a fried chicken as any one could ask, even in that famous fried chicken State of Virginia. As we finished, however, my hostess remarked reminiscently:

"Do you know, I don't believe that was the rooster I bought at all. It was thinner and had a smaller comb. But anyway it was evidently a homeless wanderer needing to be eaten, and somebody else no doubt ate mine."

WOMAN EXPLORES PREHISTORIC FLATS

Dr. Wilson Has Found That Apartment Hunting Began Long Ago

PURSUING prehistoric man and delving into his buried cities in order to find out what he ate and wore and how he played and said prayers is the fascinating occupation of a woman who expects in a few weeks to make important ethnological and archaeological contributions to the dating stock of knowledge concerning the Pueblo Indians of the United States.

Dr. Lucy Langdon W. Wilson, who is an educator and the wife of the president of the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia, is back from the second expedition she has made into the uninhabited Pajarito region of New Mexico. She has brought with her more than 200 specimens which will be added to the Indian exhibit at the museum.

To the average woman camping out in a strange country miles from civilization for an entire summer, with only hired Indian laborers as companions, is suggestive of nervous prostration and horrors unthinkable. To Dr. Wilson it is a glorious vacation rich in interest and adventure.

Spurning the protection of mere man and the hampering companionship of women less brave, Dr. Wilson conducts her expeditions alone and unaided. Just as soon as the vacation period sets in, Dr. Wilson is principal of the South Philadelphia High School for girls—she packs up her khaki exploring suit, gets her pick and shovel and other tools together and makes for the mesa country.

There begins the business of picking

out trustworthy, intelligent Indians who under her direction will do the actual work of digging. When this is accomplished Dr. Wilson's caravan makes its way from the San Ildefonso reservation to Otowi, the buried village high on the plateau, where she has been excavating for two summers.

Here the camp is pitched and under the blistering rays of an almost tropical sun the lone woman and her Indians toil all summer long in the interest of science.

As the result of her activities some

remarkable condition of preservation considering their thousand years of burial the bones of wild turkeys, buffaloes, elk, deer and rodents. But that the prehistoric Indian was not wholly carnivorous was proved by the discovery of corn cobs, beans and melons, or corn grinders.

In the House of the Musicians eight-een flutes made from bones of animals were found, and in the House of the Idol what Dr. Wilson regards as the most important of all her discoveries was unearthed. It is the anthropomorphic figure of an idol, the eyes and heart of which are made of turquoise. Interesting specimens of pottery, some of them in perfect condition, including the only two incised bowls ever found in that region, were brought back from this trip.

One of the most interesting finds was a grave of a cacique, or high priest. He was buried under the cement floor in the usual flexed position, the knees drawn toward the chin. His face was turned toward the west, toward the new world, into which, according to Indian belief, he hoped to be born.

Although a number of burial baskets and bowls were excavated, the skeletons in them were with one exception those of adults. The body of one little child was found in a ceremonial bowl with two clay playthings near by, indicating perhaps the personality of a woman rising superior to race tradition and belief. It was the belief among these Indians that children who were born again into the clan; therefore the children were buried with little ceremony. This prehistoric mother doubtless felt that her rare soul as her child's could not return in another's body.

Dr. Wilson is enthusiastic about the characteristics of the Indians who are the supposed descendants of those they are helping her unearth. They are gentle and courteous, she says, respecting themselves and their visitor. It has never occurred to her to take firearms with her on her expeditions as a precaution against attack.

Dr. Wilson did undergraduate work at Harvard and at the University of Pennsylvania; post-graduate work in geography at Cornell and in geography and sociology at the University of Chicago. She received her Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. She has traveled the world over in the study of pedagogy and archeology and organized the first class in book salesmanship ever formed in the United States.

WATERING STATIONS FOR HORSES.

THE Horse Aid Society is establishing sanitary watering stations for horses. Since the passing of the ordinance against open troughs many persons have wondered what could be done to aid horses in hot weather. Mrs. Jacob M. Ehrlich, president and founder of the Horse Aid Society, saw the need and the remedy. Early in July Mrs. Ehrlich appealed to Bridge Commissioner Kracke for permission to establish a watering station

TIME TO BUY BLANKETS

THE open season for blankets will soon be with us and the first have already arrived, even from far away Australia, and are ready to make their official bow to fall buyers. The Australian blanket, which has been scarce the last two years, sells as high as \$10, but it is of the finest, softest and lightest wool and wonderfully woven. It comes in rose pink, leaf green, lilac, baby blue and old peach color on one side and white on the other, with a delicate leafy border, white on the colored side and colored on the white side.

California blankets are shown with new border patterns and have a new binding of satin ribbon two inches wide to match the border, and slightly gathered with two rows of gathering which prevents the end of the blanket from curling or hooping when laundered or cleaned. Pencil stripes, leafy vines and solid striped borders are all new. Large plaids in two colors and broken plaids in three colors are making their first appearance. All wool double blankets, soft, light and warm, weigh five pounds and cost \$10.50 a pair, which is reasonable considering the quality. These have one advantage over the old fashioned double blankets, as they come cut apart and bound, instead of in one long woven strip.

Among the fancy blankets of different weaves there is a heavy white one of rough appearance, but light and warm. It has a two inch strip each of black, red, orange and green, with a narrow broken black stripe at the

sides. The ends are closely buttoned, held with red. Old peach colored blankets with white stripes are new and attractive.

A single thick wool blanket is considered better to use in steam heated rooms than a lighter weight pair, with one of the pretty down puffa handy in case a little more cover is needed. These down puffa, by the way, are pretty in their new coverings of plaid silk, champagne satin and polka dotted silk. The last named are lighted with baby ribbon to match with the bows tied on the right side, which makes them dainty. The puffs are filled with the finest duck down that is almost as light as eiderdown, which is very scarce just now.

The first season, if blankets are carefully protected by big sheets of blanket slips, a good dry cleaning will suffice, but the second season a good washing will be needed. If one has a counting home with a yard and plenty of sunlight, then half the problem of successful blanket washing is solved, but apartment house life with small tubs and the roof for drying makes it a bit hard. In washing blankets, it is the oil in the wool that makes the trouble, which leaves them dark spotted and harsh if not properly washed and rinsed.

Good tepid soap suds made of yellow soap will often do a good job. Put the blankets into the water and let them stand for a half hour, then pour them up and down until they seem clean, then rinse them well in three waters, wring loosely and hang them on the line to drip and blow dry. When they are dry take a clean brush broom and brush them well on each side and they will look like new blankets, especially if they have been done on a brisk bright day.

On the Williamsburg Bridge for two weeks on trial. A week later six horses fell in one afternoon from the heat on the side of the bridge which had no watering station. The result was that traffic was greatly hampered, whereas traffic on the side which had the watering station was kept moving. Commissioner Kracke then asked Mrs. Ehrlich to place another watering station on the other side of the bridge. Since both stations have been established not a single horse has fallen.

Miss Caroline G. Ewen, who was a life member of the society and one of the most generous supporters, left it \$15,000, which is used to maintain these new watering stations. A man is kept steadily at work at each station filling clean galvanized pails with water and washing them in a tub after each using. The drivers are only too glad to stop off their trucks and water the thirsty animals. As each truck pulls up and stops for the same length of time, traffic is kept going at a regular rate. Posted on the railing near each watering station is the well known "Horse's Prayer." A copy of this is given to every driver, together with a short article on the aim of the society.

This is not the first year the society has operated sanitary watering stations. As early as June, 1910, before the society had been incorporated and before the ordinance against open troughs had been passed, it operated a germ proof drinking station at Broadway and 135th street, and the following year a similar one at Fifty-sixth street and Tenth avenue. Mrs. Ehrlich drove from early morning until night around the city on the watch for horses in distress. She says: "I have worn out twelve cars in the interest of suffering horses. I get out at 2 or 3 in the morning on the milk route. That's where you see suffering."

FRIED CHICKEN COMEDY

DOWN in Virginia housewives buy their chickens on the hoof, so to speak; that is, alive and feathered. Into town every day rumble the farm wagons laden with fresh vegetables and open crates of valuable poultry.

The tourist, appetite sharpened by the tales of Virginia's famous fried chicken, watched in fascination while her hostess looked over the fowl with practised eye. Finally she selected a plump young black and white checked rooster, Mattie, the dusky kitchen maid, took charge of the rooster and, intending to fatten it a bit to make it still more delectable eating, confined it in a deserted shack in the back lot, where others of its kind had been held prisoner before.

Next morning, however, when she carried a dish of watermelon rind and seeds, together with other choice food approved by food, that ungrateful rooster had disappeared, scratched his way out beneath the walls of his shelter. Then ensued a three day period of hunting. First in one neigh-

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Train Your Hair as an Actress Does

No class of people devotes as much time to beauty as actresses, and naturally no class must be more careful to retain and develop their charms. Inquiry among them develops the information that in hair care they find it dangerous to shampoo with any makeshift hair cleanser. Instead they have studied to find the finest preparation made for shampooing and bringing out the beauty of the hair. The majority of them say that to enjoy the best hair wash and scalp stimulator that is known, get a package of canthrox from your druggist; dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready. It costs less than three cents for this amount. After its use the hair dries rapidly, with uniform color. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its lustre and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scalp gains the health which insures hair growth. Ad.



Dr. Lucy Langdon W. Wilson.

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